

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta
presents
HEATHER KENDRICK, soprano
assisted by
LORETTA DUECK, piano

Wednesday, March 13, 1985 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

- Batti, Batti (Zerlina's aria
from "Don Giovanni") (1787) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Vedrai carino (Zerlina's aria
from "Don Giovanni") (1787) (1756-1791)
Una donna a quindici anni (Despina's aria
from "Cosi fan tutte") (1790)

Lachen und Weinen (1823) Franz Schubert
Die Forelle (1817) (1797-1828)
Lied der Mignon (1826)
Auf dem Wasser zu singen (1823)
Heidenröslein (1815)

L'Invitation au Voyage (1870) Henri Duparc
(text by C. Baudelaire) (1848-1933)
Extase (1878)
(text by J. Lahor)
Chanson Triste (1868)
(text by J. Lahor)

From "Five Lullabies of Eugene Field" (1961) Anne Eggleston
I. Armenian Lullaby (b. 1934)
II. Jewish Lullaby
IV. Japanese Lullaby
V. Norse Lullaby

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree for Ms. Kendrick.

Batti, Batti

Do not spare me, dear Masetto,
Punish your Zerlina meekly.
Like a lambkin, humbly, sweetly,
I repentant shall submit.
Turn against me--it will be for me,
I am lost if you ignore me.
Strike and I shall benefit.
As you love your lamb, -be hateful
Strike her down in righteous fury,
She will then, so meekly grateful,
Kiss your strictly loving hand.
O dear Masetto, do not spare me.
I shall not weep a bit
as repentant I submit.
Will you strike me?
Can you bear to?
Confess you love me--do you dare to?
Why resist me?
Say that you are cross no longer!
Though your wrath be as strong as you.
You know well your love is stronger,
And you love me in your heart,
And forgive me from your heart.
When our lips and lives united,
so completely then are happy,
that all heaven seems delightful,
can you keep them still apart---
yes, yes, you cannot keep us apart,
yes, yes, we cannot remain apart.

Vedral, carino

Nestling serenely, warm in my sympathy,
No aching memory need you endure.
Near lies your healing:
No unappealing, unnatural remedy have I in mind.
No. Herbs of some kind. No.
Mine is the cure.
It is a humanly virtuous property

Vedral, carino (Cont.)

Heaven confides in me,
Wanting it pure.
Now shall we prove it?
Where can it be?
Will you love it, can I be sure?
Here it beats lovingly.
Touch it and see!

Una donna a quindici anni

A lady, at fifteen years
Must know a great fashion,
Where the devil has his tail,
What is good, what is bad.
She must know the malicious ways
That make lovers fall in love.
Foreign laughter, foreign tears
Invent the fine reasons.

She must give her attention to a hundred people,
In a moment, with the eyes talk with a thousand,
To give hope to all, whether handsome or ugly,
To know how to hide herself, without embarrassment,
without blushing,
Like a queen from the high throne with "I can" and
"I wish" make herself obeyed.

It seems that they have a taste for such a doctrine,
Long live Despina who knows how to serve.

Lachen und weinen

Laughter and tears
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the morning I laughed with pleasure,
And why I now weep
In the evening tight,
I myself do not know.

Lachen und weinen (cont.)

Tears and laughter
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the evening I was weeping with grief;
And how can you wake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, my heart!

Die Forelle

In a limpid brooklet,
Merrily speeding,
A playful trout
Shot past like an arrow.
I stood on the bank,
Watching with happy ease
The lively little fish
Swimming in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod
Was standing there on the bank,
Cold-bloodedly watching
The first dart to and fro...
"So long as the water remains clear,"
I thought, "he will not
Catch that trout
With his rod."

Lied der Mignon

Only he who knows what yearning is
Knows how I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all happiness.
I look up into the sky
Towards yonder side.
Alas! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I grow away.
I am inwardly inflamed,
Only he who knows what yearning is
Knows how I suffer!

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Amid the shimmering of the mirror-like waters
The rocking boat glides, swanlike:
Ay, and on the soft-shimmering waters of joy
The soul too, glides away like the boat.
Descending from heaven upon the waters
The evening glow dances around the boat.

Over the tree-tops of the forest in the west
The rosy glow smilingly beams on us.
Under the boughs of the forest in the east
The reeds rustle in the rosy glow.
Joy of heaven and peace of the forest,
The soul breathes in the reddening glow.

Ay, and on dewy pinions vanishes
From me the time spent on the gently rocking waters.
Tomorrow again on shimmering wings
Time will vanish, as it did yesterday and today:
Till I, on higher gleaming pinions,
Myself shall vanish from the changing time.

Heindenröslein

A lad saw a little rose growing,
Little red rose on the heath;
It was as young and fair as the morning,
He ran quickly to have a close look at it,
And gazed at it with delight.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

The lad said: "I will pick you,
Little rose on the heath!"
The little rose said: "I will prick you,
So that you will always remember me,
And I won't suffer you to pick me."

And the crue lad picked
The little rose on the heath;
The little rose defended itself,
But it wails and sighs were of no avail,
It had to suffer just the same.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

L'Invitation au Voyage

My child, my sister
Think how sweet it would be
To go down there, to live together,
To love free from care,
To love and to die
In the land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of these misty skies,
To my mind, have the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling through their tears.
There, everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!
See on these canals
The sleeping boats
That capriciously like to roam;
'Tis to satisfy
Your slightest wish
They have come from the ends of the world.
The setting suns
Again clothe the fields,
The canals, the whole town.
With hyacinth and gold:
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!
There, everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

Extase

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death...
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of my beloved...
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death.

Chanson Triste

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees.
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.